A SATYR AGAINST BRANDY.

Written by Jo. Hains, *as he faith himself.*

20. feb. 1682

FArewell Damn'd *Stygian* Juice, who doſt bewitch
From the Court Baud, down to the Country Bitch:
Thou liquid Flame, by whom each fiery Face
Lives without Meat, and bluſhes without Grace:
Sink to your native Hell, and mend the fire,
Or, if you rather chuſe to ſettle nigher,
Return to the dull Clime from whence you came,
Where Wit and Courage may require your flame,
Where they Carouze in your *Veſuvian* Bowls,
To cruſt the Quagmire of their Spungy Souls.
Had *Dives* for thy ſcorching moyſture cry'd,
Abr'am in mercy had his ſuite deny'd:
Or *Bonner* known thy force, the Martyrs blood
Had Siſs'd in thee and ſav'd the Nations wood.
Eſſence of Embers, Scum of melting Flint,
With all the Native ſparkles floating in't.
Sure the black Chymiſt with the cloven Foot
All *Ætna*'s Simples in his 'Limbeck put,
And double ſtill'd, nay Quinteſſenc'd thy Juice,
To charcoal Mortals for his future uſe.
Fire-ſhip to Nature, who do'ſt doubly wound,
For thoſe that graple thee, are burnt and drown'd.
As when Heav'n preſs'd th' Auxil'arys of Hell,
A flaming ſtorm on curſed *Sodom* fell.
And when it's ſingle Plagues could not prevail,
Egypt was ſcal't with kindled Rain and Hail:
So Natures feuds are reconcil'd in thee,
Thou two great Judgments in Epitomy:
God's paſt and future anger breaths in you
A Deluge and a Conflagration too.
View yonder Sot (I do not mean Sheriff Shute)
Grilly'd all o're by thee from Head to Foot:
His drowzy Eyelids ſhoard above their pitch,
His Cheeks with Carbuncles and Rubies rich;
His Scull inſtead of Brains ſupply'd with Cinder,
His Noſe turns all his Handkerchifs to Tinder:

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He breaths like a Smiths Forge, and wets the fire,
Not to allay the flame, but raiſe it higher:
His trembling hands ſcarce heave the liquor in,
His Nerves all crackle in his Parchment skin;
His Stomach don't concoct, but bake his food;
His Liver Vitrifies his Blood;
His Guts from Natures drudgery are freed,
And in his Bowels *Salamanders* breed.
He's grown too hot to think, too dull to laugh,
And ſteps as if he walk'd with *Pindars* Staff.
The moving Glaſs houſe lightens with his Eyes,
Singes his Cloaths and all his marrow fries;
Glows for a while, and then in Aſhes dies.
Thus like a Sham *Prometheus*, we find
Thou ſtealeſt a fire from Hell to kill Mankind.
But hold — leſt we the Saints dire anger merit,
By ſtinting their Auxiliary Spirit:
We hear of late, whate're the wicked think,
Thou art reform'd and turn'd a Godly drink:
And doubtleſs thou'rt connatural to them,
For both thy Spirit and theirs abound in Phlegm;
'Ere ſince the Publick Faith for Plate did wimble,
And ſanctifi'd thy Gill with *Hannah*'s Thimble:
Thou left'ſt thy old bad Company of Vermin,
The Drunken Porters, and the ſwearing Carr-men;
And the lewd Drivers of the Hackney Coaches,
And now tak'ſt up with ſage diſcreet Debauches;
Thou freely drop'ſt upon Gold Chains and Fur,
And Sots of Quality thy Minions are.
No more ſhalt thou foment an Ale-houſe brawle,
But the more ſober Riots at *Guild-hall*,
Where, by thy Spirits fallible direction,
The Reprobates ſtood Poling for Election.
If this trade holds, what will the wicked doe?
The Saints ſequeſter e'vn their Vices too,
For ſince the Art of Whoring's grown preciſe,
And Perjury hath demurer Eyes;
'Tis time, high time to circumciſe the Gill,
And not let drinking be *Philiſtian* ſtill.
Go then thou Emblem of their torrid Zeal,
Add flame to flame and their ſtiff tempers Neal,
'Till they grow ductile to the Publick Weale.
And ſince the Godly have eſpous'd thy Cauſe,
Don't fill their heads with Libertys and Laws,
Religion, Privilege, and lawleſs Charters,
Mind them of *Falſtaffs* Heir apparent Carters,
And keep their outward Man from *Ketches* Quarters.
One Caution more (now we are out of hearing)
Many have died of drinking, ſome of ſwearing;
If theſe two Peſts ſhould in Conjunction meet,
The graſs wou'd quickly grow in every ſtreet:
Save thou the Nation from that double blow,
And keep thy fire from *Salamanca* T. O. Titus Oates

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